It was a hot and red sky under thirteen shiny stars burnig with hope and promise, a child was born.

It was not unusual for a baby to be born unto a humble family with a bazaar and wares to light the homes of our times with oil zturns and lamps.

It was a scene to remember off the fiery coast of Sidon.

A mound of moss and cobalt spewed the urn of ash and sod into the ocean and became live with Liquid fire and splashed against the waters tugging at the face and hair of my skin toward's it and steaming the salty liquid into the air.

I covered my face

"The Lamp."

I whispered to myself.

"I must get it to the child."

I needed to hand off the lamp to a infant.

The genie inside was exhausted with my demands and it was time to repay it.

I rubbed the lamp three times and the Genie Pulled at the steam and salt off the coast.

"Esquire? what is it?" The genie Inquired.

"It is time I hand you off to a child." I said to it.

"What will the wishes be?"

"I Wish to contoll the Moon and the tides of the sun!"

" I wish upon Zeus the stengths of all burdens."

"I wish to collect the wages of my nature until the end of time."

This is a humble wish unto the baby I have introduced to you.

I will leave you to him.

He will be your new keeper.

Farewell Genie and Return to me soon.

It was a hot and red sky under thirteen shiny stars, burning with hope and promise, when a child was born.

It was not unusual for a baby to be born unto a humble family, with a bazaar of wares to light the homes of our time with oil lanterns and lamps. The cries of new life often blended with the bustling sounds of traders haggling and the whispers of desert winds carrying the scent of spice and sea salt. Yet, this birth was different. It was a scene to remember off the fiery coast of Sidon.

A mound of moss and cobalt spewed an urn of ash and sod into the ocean, becoming alive with liquid fire that splashed against the waters, tugging at my skin, its heat pulling at my very essence. The salty liquid turned to steam, rising in a misty veil that obscured the heavens.

I covered my face.

"The Lamp," I whispered to myself, my fingers tightening around the warm brass.

The lamp had been my burden, my salvation, and my curse. It held secrets beyond the understanding of men, power beyond reckoning. It had granted me riches, wisdom, and dominion over the forces of nature, yet even power must be tempered with humility. My time with the genie had come to an end. I had taken much. Now, I had to give.

"I must get it to the child."

The waves crashed against the shore as I made my way to the humble dwelling where the newborn lay swaddled in cloth. He was no prince, no heir to a great throne, yet destiny had marked him in ways the world could not yet see. I knelt beside him, holding the lamp close to my chest.

The genie inside was exhausted from my demands. It was time to repay him, to grant him a new keeper, a new purpose.

I took a breath and rubbed the lamp three times. The air crackled with unseen energy. From the swirling mist, he emerged—a being of light and shadow, formed from the very elements that shaped the world. The steam and salt from the coast coalesced around him as he took form.

"Esquire? What is it?" the genie inquired, his voice both gentle and commanding.

"It is time I hand you off to a child," I said, my voice steady but filled with emotion.

The genie tilted his head, his ethereal eyes narrowing. "A child? You would bind me to an infant?"

"Not bind," I corrected. "Entrust."

The genie folded his arms, considering my words. "And what will the wishes be?"

I looked down at the baby, his tiny fingers curled into fists, his breathing steady and pure. The weight of the moment pressed upon me. This was not merely the passing of an object but the transferring of fate itself. I had to choose my words wisely.

"I wish to control the moon and the tides of the sun," I began, my voice resonant with the power of my request. "That he may understand the balance of light and darkness, of rise and fall."

The genie nodded slowly. "And the second wish?"

"I wish upon Zeus the strengths of all burdens." My heart pounded. "That he may endure hardship, yet never be broken. That he may carry the weight of the world with honor."

The genie studied me, his form shimmering. "And your final wish?"

I exhaled, looking once more at the child, this fragile yet mighty soul destined for greatness. "I wish to collect the wages of my nature until the end of time. That my essence, my lessons, my wisdom, be carried within him. That my spirit may guide him, even when I am gone."

The genie smiled—a rare, knowing smile. "These are humble wishes indeed."

I placed the lamp beside the child. "He will be your new keeper."

The genie nodded, bowing slightly, an act of acknowledgment and reverence. "Then it shall be."

A golden light wrapped around the infant as the genie receded into the lamp. The air settled, the sea calmed, and the sky shimmered with an ethereal glow. The child did not stir, yet something in the universe had shifted.

I stood, feeling the weight of my years, knowing that my journey had reached its end. The future now belonged to him.

"Farewell, Genie," I whispered. "And return to me soon."

For though my story had ended, his had only just begun.

As the years passed, the child grew into a man unlike any other. He was neither ruler nor warrior, yet his presence commanded the respect of all who crossed his path. The wisdom of the tides, the strength of burdens, and the essence of a soul long departed were all within him. The lamp remained with him, a silent guardian, its power awakening only when destiny deemed it so.

Miracles followed in his wake. Crops flourished in barren lands, the sick found healing in his presence, and even the stars seemed to align in his favor. But the greatest miracle was not of magic or power—it was the heart within him, the heart of a man who bore the wisdom of the ages yet walked humbly among his people.

Legends spread across the lands, whispers of a man who could command the sea yet chose to calm the storms of men’s hearts instead. Some called him a prophet. Others, a sorcerer. But those who knew the truth simply called him what he had always been—a keeper.

And so, the story of the lamp and the genie lived on, not as a tale of greed or ambition, but as a testament to the greatest miracle of all: the ability to choose wisdom over power, compassion over conquest, and love over legacy.

And perhaps, one day, when the stars align once more, the lamp will find another keeper, and the story will begin again.

Title Ideas:

The Eternal Wish: A Child’s Destiny

The Keeper of the Lamp

Whispers of the Genie

The Thirteen Stars and the Miracle of Fire

Bound by Wishes, Freed by Fate

El Salvadorian Title:

La Lámpara del Destino (The Lamp of Destiny)

El Milagro de las Trece Estrellas (The Miracle of the Thirteen Stars)

El Guardián del Genio (The Guardian of the Genie)

Arabian Pseudonym:

Khalid Al-Rashid

Omar Ibn Ziyad

Faisal Al-Nouri